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ABSTRACT

The booklet, illustrated with black and white photographs and drawings, contains 16 one to three page versions of the story of the great flood. Versions of the story as told by representatives of the Skokomish Indians of Western Washington, Apache Indians of New Mexico, Athabascan Indians of Alaska, Shasta Indians of California, Yakima Indians of Washington, Tlingit Indians of Southern Alaska, Delaware Indians, Indians of the Yellowstone Valley, Squamish Indians of Western Canada, and Yanawamo Indians of South America are inlcuded. Other versions are those of the Hebrews and of the Philippine Islands, Ceylon, China, Greece, and Iraq. (SB)

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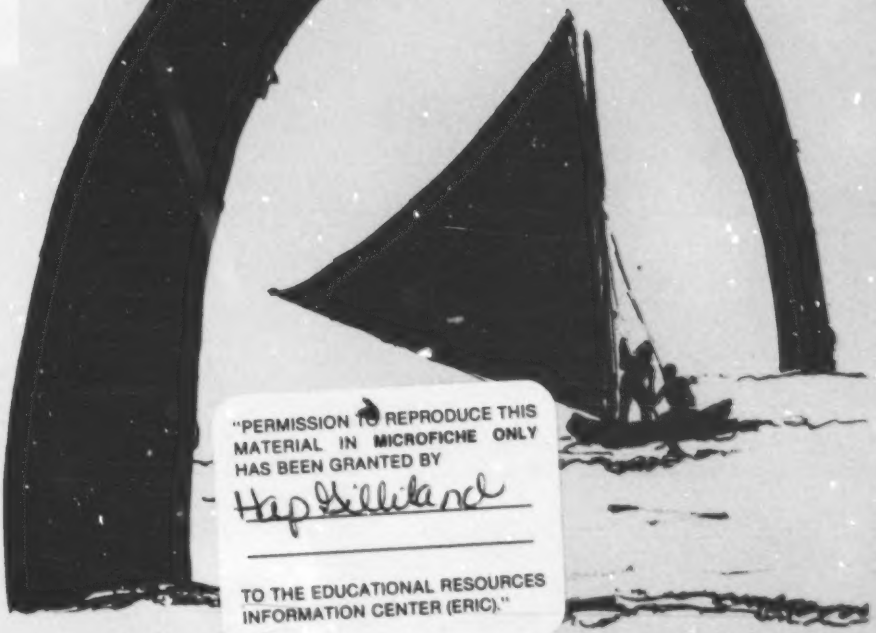
# THE FLOOD



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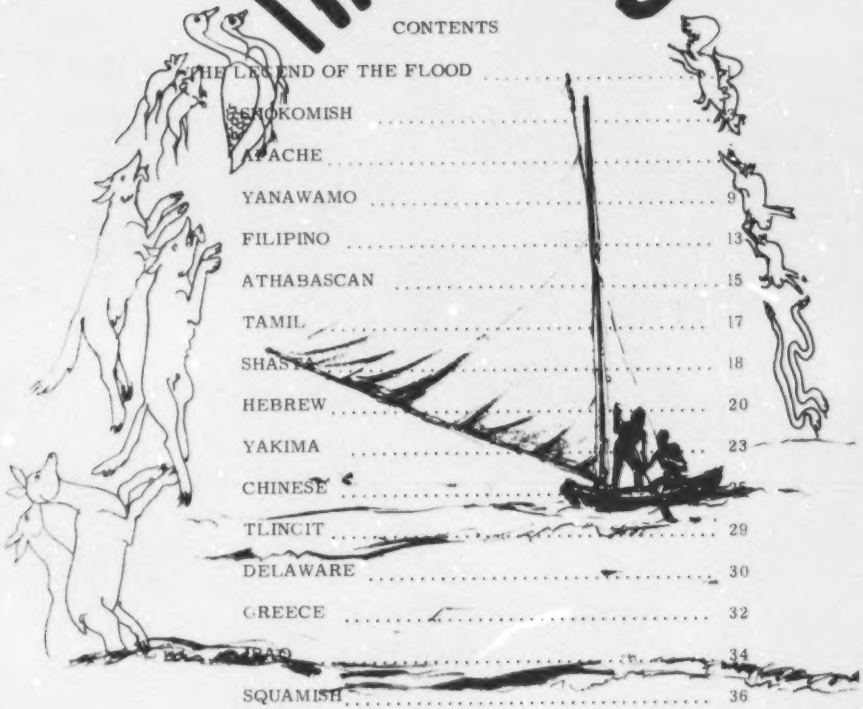

CONTENTS


THE LEGEND OF THE FLOOD ..... 1

SHOKOMISH ..... 3

APACHE ..... 5

YANAWAMO ..... 9

FILIPINO ..... 13

ATHABASCAN ..... 15

TAMIL ..... 17

SHASTA ..... 18

HEBREW ..... 20

YAKIMA ..... 23

CHINESE ..... 27

TLINGIT ..... 29

DELAWARE ..... 30

GREECE ..... 32

IRAQ ..... 34

SQUAMISH ..... 36

CONSERVATIONIST ..... 38

THE LEGEND OF THE FLOOD ..... 45

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His children's books on Indian life and culture include "No One like a Brother," "Coyotes Pow-wow," "Broken Ice," and "How the Dogs Saved the Cheyennes".

The author (right) listens to an Indian storyteller

## THE LEGEND OF THE FLOOD

I have heard it told on the Cheyenne Reservation in Montana and the Seminole camps in the Florida Everglades. I have heard it from the Eskimos north of the Artic Circle and the Indians south of the Equator. The legend of the flood is the most universal of all legends. It is told in Asia, Africa, and Europe, in North America and the South Pacific.

Grandfathers were telling the story of the flood to their grandsons before any men invented writing, and it was one of the first stories recorded when the first written language was invented. Grandfathers are still telling it to their grandsons in tribes that have not yet heard that talk can be written down.

As a traveler in out-of-the way places I like to listen

to people tell their stories. Sometimes, when legends are being told, I will ask, "Do you know the story of the great flood?"

There is always a pause while the story teller thinks; then usually the answer is, "Yes, my grandfather told me the story. It happened a long time ago---" and we are off on another story--the same story really, yet always new, always different.

In this book I have tried to retell each story as nearly as possible the way it was told to me. Each one is a record of the story as some individual tells it. It is not necessarily the "official" version of that tribe or group.

Sometimes I have told how I first heard the story, but I have not recorded the name of the story tellers. I would prefer to give each one credit, but since I decided to publish the legends, two or three of the story tellers have asked me not to use their names, as others in the tribe may not agree with their version.

In this way the book is different from others in this series. For most of the books we have checked each story with several of the most knowledgeable people to get the most authentic version. For this book I have chosen those stories that give the most variety to the same theme and have recorded each one as nearly as possible the way it was first told to me.

Now, for our first story teller, an old Skokomish Indian who lives near Seattle, Washington . . .

Tachoma (Mount Rainier)

## SKOKOMISH INDIANS - WESTERN WASHINGTON

Once long ago the Great Spirit became very angry with the people. He was angry because they were wicked and were mean to each other. So he decided to destroy everyone except one good man and his family.

The Great Spirit told the one good man to climb to the top of Takhoma(Mount Rainer) and shoot an arrow into the cloud that the Great Spirit had placed low over the mountain.

The man shot an arrow into the cloud and it stuck there.

The Great Spirit said, "Now shoot another arrow into that one."

The man shot a second arrow. It stuck in the lower part of the first one. He shot another into that arrow. He kept shooting arrows until there was a rope of arrows from the cloud to the mountain.

Then the Great Spirit told the man to send the good animals and his family up the rope into the cloud, but not to let any bad people or bad animals go up.

First the man's wife climbed the rope of arrows, then his children followed. Next, the man sent up all the good animals, then he climbed the rope of arrows himself.

When he reached the cloud, he turned and looked down. There he saw a long string of bad animals and bad people climbing his arrow rope up into the cloud. He pulled the top arrow out of the cloud and let it go. All the bad animals and people fell to the ground.

When the Great Spirit saw that the good people and animals were safe in the cloud above the mountain he made it rain very hard. The rain poured down for many days. The water rose until it covered all the land. It covered all the mountains except the top of Takhoma.

By this time all the bad people and all the bad animals had been drowned. The Great Spirit set the cloud with the good people and the good animals on top of the mountain and took away the other clouds. Then it stopped raining.

As the waters began to sink away, the good man led his family and all the animals down the mountain.

As they went down they found that all the bad people and the bad animals and all the snakes had been destroyed. To this day there are no bad animals and no snakes on Takhoma.

## APACHE INDIANS - NEW MEXICO

As we climbed up the side of White Ring Mountain, in New Mexico, searching for wild berries we noticed the unusual wave-like markings on the rocks. A few days later, I mentioned this as I sat visiting with an old Apache friend.

He nodded his head. "Those are the marks the waves made when the earth was covered with water." He pointed to the ring of white rock that circles the mountain near the top. "That's how high the water got. Those are the marks of the foam."

"Tell me about it," I said, and after a while, he began this story:

Long ago there were no people on the earth. Life

Giver felt there should be people here to enjoy the green forests, the beautiful plains, and the many animals he had made. So with the help of White Painted Woman and Child of the Water he brought the people up out of the earth. At first the people thanked Life Giver, but later they forgot about him. They began to say they had been brought here by Gahe (the wind and the lightening).

Life Giver said, "Since you worship Gahe I will let him destroy you." He called on Gahe to gather the clouds, and it began to rain. At first it rained just a little, then it rained harder than it had ever rained before. The waters of the oceans and the waters of the lakes rose up to cover the land.

White Painted Woman and Child of the Water ran to that mountain there (the one we call White Ring Mountain) to escape from the water. A few of the people also managed to get to White Ring Mountain and many different animals climbed up the mountain to escape from the waters.

The turkey was the last of the animals to run up the mountain. The waters caught him, and the white foam covered his tail. Since then all turkeys have white on the tips of their tail feathers.

In four days the water covered all the land except the top of White Ring Mountain.

There, near the top of the mountain, you can see the white ring left by the foam. That is how high the water went. You can see the steps on the side of the mountain made by the waves as the water sank away, and the waves made those marks you saw on the rocks.

There were many animals who made it to the top of the mountain and escaped from the water, and all the animals today are descended from those animals.

There were only two men who reached the mountain top. The first was strong and brown from a life in the sun. The other barely escaped from the water, and before he reached the top he had to swim. The water took away his tan and made his skin light.

Life Giver told them, "You two were the strongest of all the people so you will have life." He showed them a gun and a bow and arrow. He said, "Use these to get your food."

The pale man took the gun. His decendents are the white men. The other man took the bow and his children became the Indians.

The author with Yanowamo's friend

## YANAWAMO INDIANS - SOUTH AMERICA

The Yanowamo Indians live in an unexplored area on the border of Venezuela and Brazil in South America. Separated from civilization and even from other Indian tribes by many miles of jungle and mountains, they are probably one of the most isolated groups of people left in the world. Because of this isolation, their culture and their way of life are much different, even from the surrounding tribes. They were first contacted by an outsider in 1968. Since then, only six or seven of their fifty or more villages (no one knows how many) have been contacted.

It was less than a year after this first contact that I was visiting in Myubateri, a well fortified village built for protection on the top of a high, pointed hill. We had walked that day more than twenty miles of rough mountain trails from Niyayobateri another Yanowamo village. We had eaten a dinner of roasted turmites, grubs, and bananas. The last of the fires were flickering out and the men were lying in their hammocks in the dark telling

stories.

With me was one of the only two men who have had enough contact with these Indians to learn the language. He was translating interesting details for me.

I wondered if these people , too, would know the story of the flood, so I said, "ask if they know of the time the earth was covered with water."

After a long pause, the medicine man began:

"When a girl first reaches puberty, and is ready to take her place as a woman in the village, a small house is built for her, just large enough for her hammock. It is covered on all sides with palm leaves so that no one can see in. For three days, she is not allowed to speak to anyone, nor anyone to her. Her food is handed to her in the form of soup in a goured container. For the next moon she is not allowed to speak except in a whisper.

While she is confined in this house, for the three days, her mother must make a costume for her, the very best she can make.

As you know, Yanowamo women ordinarily wear only a string around their waist, and reeds through their ears, but for special occasions they wear a skirt around their waist, plus a fine reed through their nose, and three through their lower lip.

While a girl is confined in her little house, her mother gathers cotton, twists it into strings, weaves it into a fringe skirt, and gathers buds from which she makes a dye to color it red. Then she decorates reeds for her daughters ears, and strings seeds for beads. She makes new reeds for her nose and her lips. When the girl comes from her seclusion she is beautiful in her red fringe skirt, feathered ear plugs, and beads. Her body and face are painted with red and black designs,

and her black hair is decorated with tufts of white down, from the stork.

There once was a Yanowamo mother who was "waika". She was lazy and thought only of herself. She would not build the palm leaf house for her daughter, so the daughter had to build it for herself. While the girl was in the hut, her mother did not make a beautiful new costume for her. She laid around, waiting for the three days to be over, so the girl could again gather their food and do the work for the mother. The only thing she did for her daughter was to take one small bowl of soup to her each day. Since the girl was not allowed to speak, she could not complain.

The Chief Spirit saw that the girl was hungry and that her mother was not making the proper preparations to welcome her back to village life. On the last day of her confinement he made it rain so hard that the rain washed the leaves from the girls shelter. Still the mother was not concerned. She thought only of her own comfort,while the girl shivered through the rest of the day and night in the rain.

All day and all night the men of the village sang the rain chant, and danced the rain dance, but they could not make the rain go away. "Rain, why are you so mean to me," they chanted. "Rain why don't you go away? Rain why are you so obstinate?" The thud of their heels pounding the ground in the rain dance echoed through the village, but still it continued to rain.

First the trails were covered with deep water so the people could not get to their gardens to gather bananas. Then the gardens were under water and finally the village itself.

Before the last ridge leading from the village was covered, the people gathered the food they had left and began climbing into the mountains. Higher and higher

they climbed as the water rose, until finally they were gathered on the top of the highest peak. All the rest of the world was covered with water. At the top of the mountain was a high cliff. The people stood at the top looking down into the water, and out across the water which covered the land they had known.

The selfish mother looked at her daughter and her friends who were now without food and were about to be drowned by the rising tide. "It is not right," she said, "that all these should suffer because of me. Perhaps if I were gone the Chief Spirit would not punish them any more for my selfishness. Perhaps it is not too late for me to do something for my daughter. I am no longer important, but somehow I must save my daughter and my people." As she said this she leaped over the cliff into the waters below. The Chief Spirit saw that at last she was more concerned for others than for herself. As her body floated away, across the waves, the rain stopped, and the waters began to recede.

Home of the Filipino storyteller
photo by Hap Gilliland

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Several years ago, on the island of Luzon, in the Philippines, I sat with a 97 year old man on the steps that led up to the nepa hut in which he lived. A crow flew down and started pecking at something in the yard.

The old man waved his arm and frightened it away. "Do you know why the crow is black?" he asked.

"No," I said, "tell me."

The old man watched the crow which had alighted in a bamboo tree as he began his story:

Long ago, the Land God and the Sea God were angry at each other. The Land God loved the people, and fed them, and kept them from going out to sea. The Sea God became jealous because the people did not come to him. He decided to rise up and destroy the people.

Each day the water rose and as the water rose many people drowned. For a little while the Land God was able to hold some of the land for the people. But finally they had to get into a bonka (dugout canoe) and

float away.

Among the birds and animals that took refuge in the canoe with the people were a crow and a dove. The crow was the favorite of all the people because he had the most beautiful plumage of all the birds.

One day the people sent the crow out to see if he could find any trace of land.

As the crow flew around searching for land he found the floating bodies of the people who had been drowned. By now he was very hungry, so he landed on one of the bodies and began to eat.

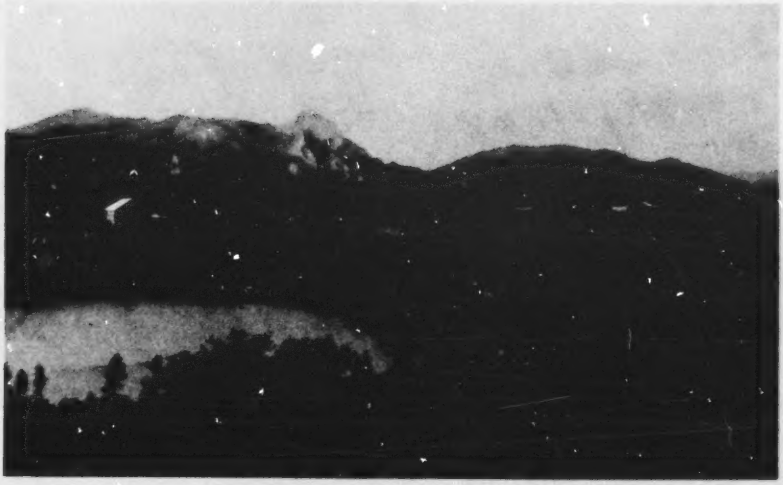
When the crow did not return, the Land God told the dove to go out and see if he could find the crow.

The dove found the crow and took him back to the boat.

The Land God was sitting in one end of the boat writing with his paper and his bottle of ink, keeping a record of the journey. When the dove told him that he had found the crow eating the dead bodies of the people who had drowned, the Land God was very angry so he picked up his bottle of ink and threw it at the crow, covering the crow completely with black ink.

"From now on," he said, "you will remain as black as you are now, and all your descendents will be black. You will eat dead animals and other things unfit for anyone else to eat."

That is why all crows are black and are hated by the people, while the dove has become their favorite bird.



Artic village photo by Hap Gilliland

## ATHABASCAN (CHANDLER KUTCHIN) ALASKA

Two young Indian men from Artic Village had been climbing with me all day in the foothills of the Brooks Range in Northern Alaska, trying to get pictures of caribou. We were still sitting around telling hunting stories when the midnight sun was near the horizon in the north.

"Do you know the legend of the flood?" I asked.

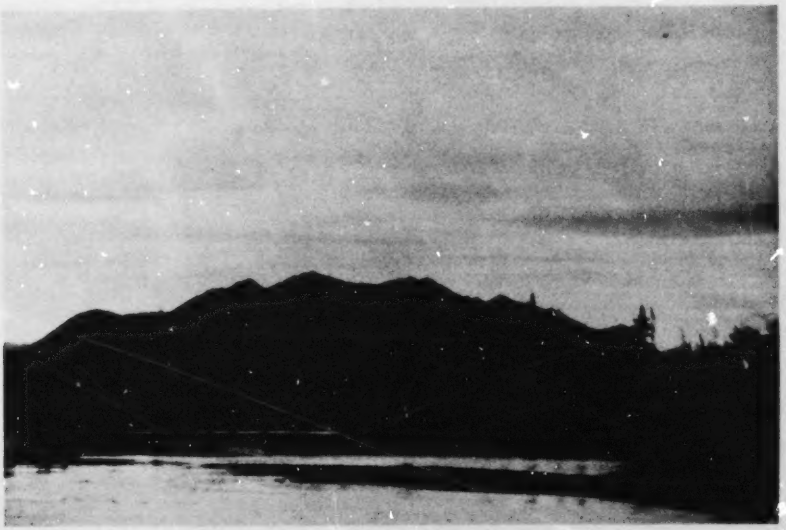
"No, I not know that story," one of the men said.

The other thought a while and answered, "Yes, I heard it when I am a boy."

"It is long time ago. A big flood cover all the land. All the Indians and Eskimos ran to the top of the mountains. Some of the mountains covered, and the people drowned. On the top of one mountain there still many bones of people.

But some people get up there." He pointed to the place where the midnight sun was about to touch the high mountain to the north of us.

"That Nitsee Thraw. The water never get to top of that mountain. Some people go there. Some of them Indian, some Eskimo. Everyone up there saved, cause water never get to top of Nitsee Thraw."



Netsee Thraw photo by Hap Gilliland

## TAMIL - CEYLON

I was having lunch with a beautiful young lady from Ceylon She was explaining to me the Hindu concept of one God, with many manifestations.

"Can you tell me about the flood?" I asked.

"Of course!" she said.

According to Hindu beliefs universal time is a never ending cycle of creation and destruction. At the end of a period the whole universe is dissolved in a great flood. There are many legends connected with this.

One story is about Brahma, who is the Creator God, and a Hindu sage named Manu. One day Manu was sitting beside a stream, thinking, when a fish spoke to him and asked him for protection from another fish. Manu took the fish and put it into a jar. But the fish grew too large for the jar so that it had to be taken to the ocean.

There the fish told Manu that he was Brahma himself. It warned Manu about the approaching destruction of the world by a flood. Manu was told to build an ark and place in it seven other sages and the seeds of every plant that he recognized. When Manu had done this the flood began, covering everything except the ark which floated on the surface of the waters. The ark was drawn by cables attached to the horns of the fish until it came to rest upon the highest peak of the Himalayas. There it was moored to a tree. When the flood waters receded, Manu and his ark descended into the valleys, where Manu took up the work of creating the world. Thus Manu is considered the father of all mankind.

The author's camp

## SHASTA INDIANS - CALIFORNIA

We sat in the campground north of Redding California,and talked. Mount Shasta towered above the valley like a sentinel. I thought I saw a wisp of white above the top.

"That looks like smoke coming from the mountain," I said.

The old Shasta Indian with whom I was visiting nodded. "Coyote's fire still burns," he said. "You can always see it on a clear day."

After I asked a few questions and we sat quietly for a while, watching the snow capped mountain, he began the story:

It was an evil spirit who lived in a lake that caused all the trouble. One day Coyote happened to walk by the lake, carrying his bow and arrows.

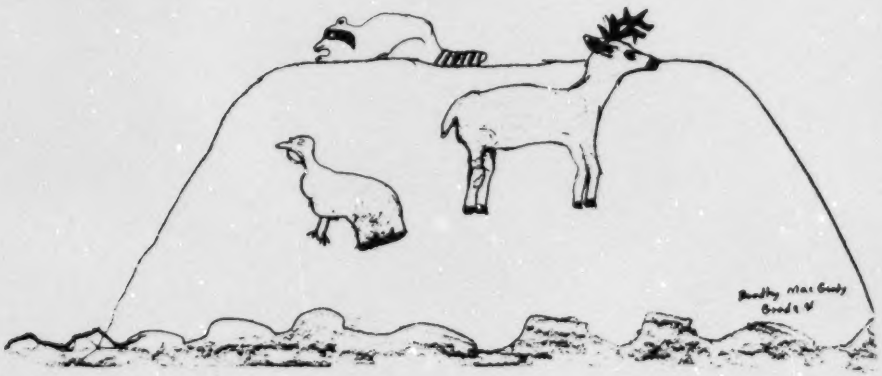
When the evil spirit saw Coyote it made the water in the lake rise until it covered the land and Coyote.

When the water receded, Coyote was still there. He took his bow and he shot the evil spirit, but the evil spirit was not killed and he made the water rise again.

The water followed Coyote and Coyote ran for Mount Shasta. The water kept rising and Coyote climbed. He climbed higher and higher up the mountain as the water rose up behind. Finally Coyote reached the tip of Mount Shasta and the water covered all the land except the tip of the mountain.

Coyote gathered logs and he built a great signal fire on the top of Mount Shasta. That fire still burns. It is the smoke from that fire that you see.

Grizzly Bear and Skunk and Raccoon saw the fire burning and they swam to the mountain. Porcupine and Beaver and Deer saw the fire and they swam to Mount Shasta. Magpie flew across the water and met them all on the mountain top, where they all waited until at last the water began to go down. As the water sank away the animal people came down too and spread throughout the land.



## ASIA MINOR - THE HEBREWS

It was long ago, when there were not yet many men upon the earth. The Lord looked at men and saw that there was much wrong doing. The thoughts of men were bad, and the world was filled with violence. The Lord was sorry that he had made man upon the earth, and he was very unhappy. So the Lord said, "I will wipe out man from the face of the earth. Not only man but every creeping thing. For I am sorry that I have made them."

But there was one man that did right. His name was Noah. Noah was a good man. God said to Noah, "I have decided to make an end to men, for the earth is filled with violence because of them. I will destroy them with the earth. Make for yourself the kind of a ship called an arc. Make it of gopher wood. Make rooms in the arc, and cover it inside and outside with pitch. Make a roof for it,to keep out the rain.

Make it a large ship with three decks. I will bring a flood of waters upon the earth. Everything that is on the earth shall die, but you shall go into the arc with your sons and wife, and your sons wives. Take with you two of every animal upon the earth, to keep them alive with you. Also take into the arc, every kind of food. Store it so that it will be food for you and for the animals."

Noah did this. He did all that God had asked him to do. Then God said to Noah, "Go into the arc and take with you every kind of animal and bird. In seven days I will send rain upon the earth, and it will rain for forty days and forty nights, and every living thing will be wiped from the face of the earth."

Noah did all that the Lord had asked him to do.

On the seventh day the waters of the deep burst forth, and the windows of the heavens were opened, and rain fell upon the earth for forty days and forty nights. As the waters rose the arc floated on the face of the water. The waters continued to rise until the mountains were covered. All the men and the animals who were upon the earth were drowned. Nothing upon the earth had the breath of life. Only Noah and those in the arc were left.

God remembered Noah and all the animals that were with him in the arc, and God made a wind to blow across the earth, and the waters subsided. After a hundred and fifty days the tops of the mountains were seen.

Noah opened a window of the arc which he had made and he sent out a raven, and it flew back and forth across the waters. Then he sent a dove to see if there was any land, and the dove found no place to land, and so returned to him. He waited another seven days and again he sent the dove out to see if it could find land.

In the evening it came back to him, and in its mouth it carried a fresh olive leaf. So Noah knew that there was dry land. He waited another seven days and sent the dove out again, and she did not return to him anymore. Then Noah removed the covering from the arc, and looked and found that the face of the earth was dry. And he came forth from the arc with his wife and his sons, and his sons' wives. And along with them came all the animals and the birds and the creeping things.

Then Noah built an alter and worshiped the Lord. And the Lord said, "I will never again destroy the living things of the earth as I have done. While the earth remains, seed times and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, shall continue."

Then God said to Noah, "I make you this promise; I make it to you, and your children, and their children after them. I make it to every living creature---the birds, and the animals, and the beasts of the earth. This promise I make---Never again will all life be cut off by the waters of a flood. Never again will there be a flood that will destroy all the earth. And this will be a sign of the promise that I make between me and you. I will set a bow in the cloud and it will be a sign between me and you. When I bring clouds over the earth and rain to the earth, the bow will be seen in the clouds, and when I see the bow in the clouds, I will look at it and remember the promise that I have made."

YAKIMA INDIANS - WASHINGTON

Once long ago there were many tribes living in the Yakima Valley, but the people of the different tribes could not get along together. Most of the people were selfish and quarrelsome. They argued and they murdered each other. But there were good people in the valley too.

One day one of the good men came to the others and he said "I have talked to a spirit from the spirit world above and he says that there is to be a great flood that will cover all the land. He says that if we are not to be drowned we must build a boat that we can ride in.

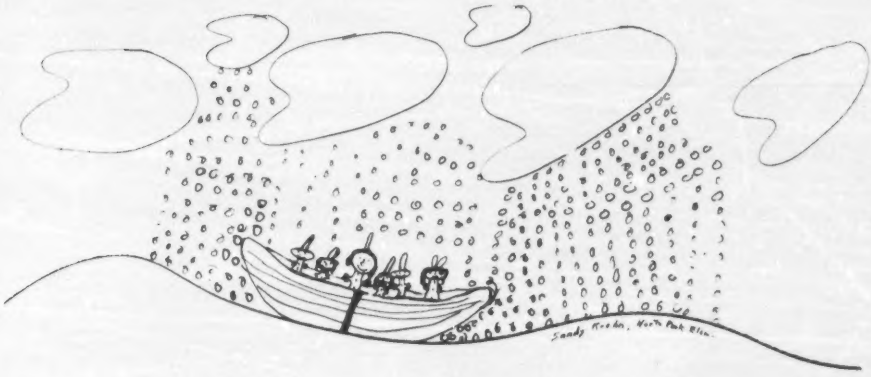
So the good men held a council and they decided to build a boat. They decided that they should use cedar since it lasts longer than any other wood. They cut a huge cedar tree. With their stone axes and their elkhorn wedges they hollowed it out and they shaped it into a huge canoe.

The flood came and the waters rose and the good people got into the canoe. For four days the water rose and by the fourth day all the land was covered--even the mountain tops.

For a long time they floated, not knowing where they were or where they were going, for the clouds covered the sun and there was no land to be seen. At last the water began to sink away and in four days the land was bare.

All the bad people had been drowned, but the good people became the ancestors of the Yakima Indians.

The canoe landed near the Yakima river near where Tompinish is now, and parts of it can still be seen there on the east side of the river.



CHINA

My two Chinese friends hesitated to answer my question about the flood story. Not because they didn't know one, but because they were several. They weren't sure which one they should tell me.

"Why don't you each tell me something about the flood?" I suggested.

According to custom, the elder of the two spoke first. "There is a flood story", he said, "which ties in with the Chinese story of creation. Our legends say that there was a time when nothing existed. They tell how Nothing took the form of Unity, which became a First Cause. After countless ages of doing nothing this First Cause split into Two Principles, the Yang and the Yin. "Do you know about these principles?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I have heard of the two Principles: light and darkness, active and passive, positive and negative, male and female."

He went on, "The Yang and the Yin govern the world. It was the interaction of these two that produced all the things in the universe around us. They are at the root of our ancient philosophies.

"But what have they to do with the flood?" I asked.

"You Americans are so impatient!" he said. "The creation story tells how the earth is held up by four pillars. It tells how the conflict between the Yang and the Yin shakes the earth and the pillars crumble. As the land tilts it is flooded with water. But the Yin understands the suffering of the people. She melts stones of the five colors to repair the heavens, and she cuts off the feet of the tortoise to hold the four corners of the earth. Then gathering the ashes of reeds she stops the flooding waters."

"But,how did the world ---"

He put up his hand and stopped me. "Don't ask for the details now. My young friend here is like your people. He has not the patience to sit for hours and listen. Anything less will not do justice to the imagination of our forefathers. We will talk again."

I turned to his friend who began by saying, "This story has the merit of illustrating the ideal ruler. These kind of heroes were found in almost all our dynasties and they fill our books of legends and histories." Then he began the story: The people of one of the provinces of Southern China dreaded the month of the peach harvest. Every year at this time, late in the summer, there was a terrible flood.

One year the Diety appeared to the governor, in a dream three days before the flood was due, and said to him, "For a thousand years, two iron oxen, have lain

near the top of Mount Huayang. This year they are planning to come down and join the waters of the flood. If the power of the iron oxen joins the power of the river, all the people will be drowned. Fields, villages, and all the land will become a great lake.

"You are the governor and you are responsible for all the people. You cannot look on while your people are drowned. But it is unlikely you will save them. You will not sacrifice yourself."

"Oh but I will," the governor said. "I will do anything for my people, for they depend on me. If I can save them my life is not important!"

Then the Diety answered, "If you really love the people, then you must record the names of all the people in your province in a book. When the flood arrives at the town walls, you must jump into the water and take the book and all the names down into the flood with you. The flood will not try to take those names again so everyone whose name is in the book will be saved."

The governor was awakened from his dream when two of his men burst in on him. "Two iron oxen have entered the town," they told him. "They came from Mount Huayang!"

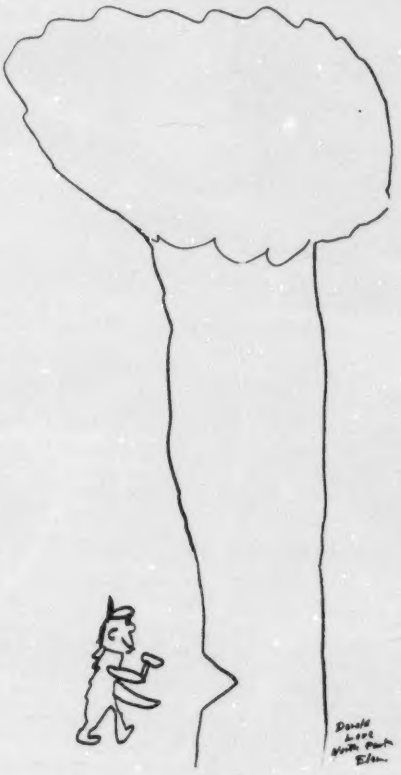
The governor was shocked. He told his dream to his top officials. He asked them to work day and night to get the list of people.

On the third day there was a terrible noise like a volcano erupting. Water burst through the dykes and covered the land with several feet of water. The villages and fields of the next province sunk below the waves. The next day the water had risen to the top of the city wall.

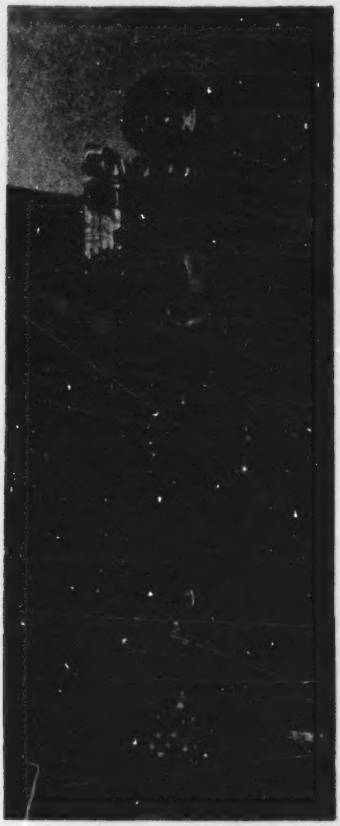
The governor climbed on the wall. He took the book in his hand, and leaped into the waves.

His subjects were surprised to find that a moment later the flood began to recede. The iron oxen disappeared into the water.

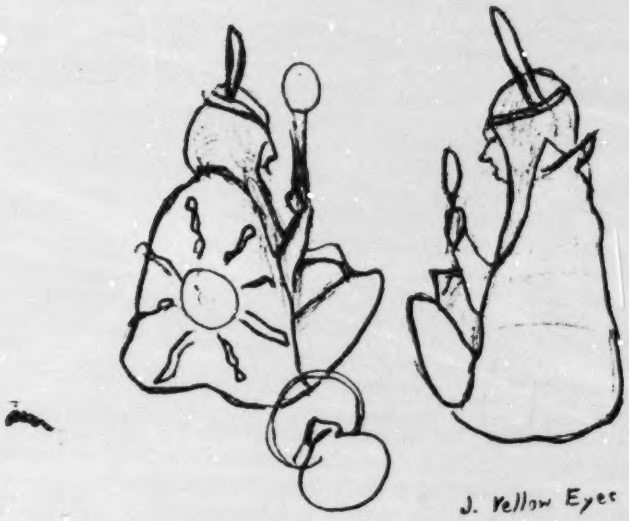
After the great flood was over the people built a temple in honor of the governor who had given his life for them. The iron oxen were found on the delta of the river and were carried and set before the temple, where they can be seen to this day.



TLINGIT INDIANS
Southern Alaska



This totem pole tells the story of the flood




## LENA-LA-NAPI (DELAWARE) INDIANS

After the Mysterious One made the earth he put far above it a roof which was sometimes blue and sometimes black.

The Manitu of the waters was very angry. He said, "The rain cannot get through. The water cannot come to the earth, and the earth will become parched and dry. The people will not have water to drink."

So the Mysterious One brought the clouds under the roof. He gathered the dark clouds together and he caused the lightning to flash across the sky. Each time the lightning flashed he spoke in deep tones, telling the clouds to shed their water on the earth. The clouds poured their water over all the lands and they covered the land until only the highest mountain peaks could be seen above the water.

The Manitu of the waters was sorry he had become so angry, for he said, "There will be no animals or people left."

So the Mysterious One caused it to stop raining. He took away the clouds and put a rainbow in their place. Since then, the Lena-La-Napi have always been glad to see the rainbow becuase it tells them that the Manitu of the waters is no longer angry.

GREECE

The story of the island of Atlantis was first written by Plato about 350 B. C. in his dialouges. It is thought by many to be taken from earlier Greek folk tales. Plato himself said that it was told to him about sixty years earlier by Critias who said it had been handed down in his family since it was told to them one hundred and fifty years earlier by Solon the wise, who had heard it from the priests at the temple at Sais in Egypt. The story as told here, is much condensed from Plato's account, which goes into much detail about the history, culture, and government of Atlantis. The original story can be found in Plato's dialogues.

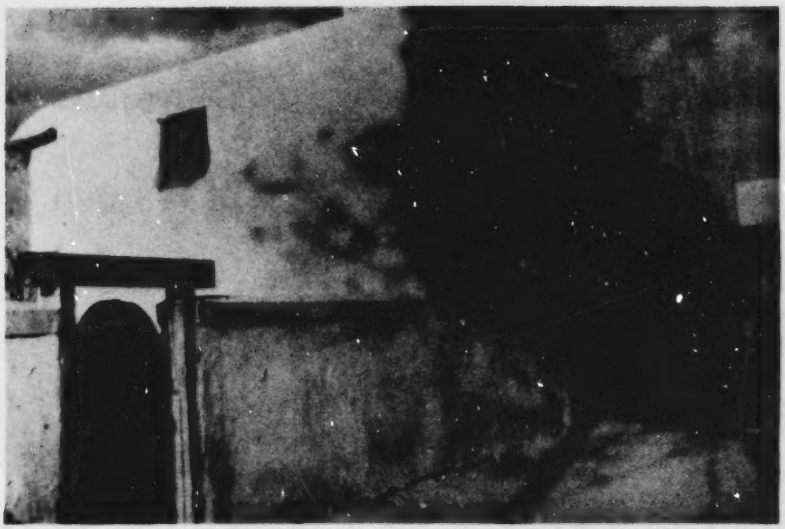
Out in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the straights of Gibralter there was once an island called Atlantis. It was a great island, almost the size of a continent. In the middle of this island lay a large fertile plain, surrounded by mountains. In this plain was a large city, with beautiful palaces, huge temples, and great bridges.

The buildings were decorated with silver, gold, and ivory. Great ships from Atlantis traveled to all parts of the world.

The people of Atlantis were descended from the Gods, and were very good and happy people who lived well planned lives. They were ruled by ten kings, who had a great army of javelin throwers and chariot drivers.

But then the people began to be selfish, troublesome, and immoral. They began to send their ships out to attack and plunder the cities of Europe. The armies of Atlantis conquered the cities of Spain, and Italy, and finally reached Greece, and the city of Athens.

Although all the allies of Greece deserted them, and the people of Athens were not a war-like people, they decided to defend themselves against the invaders. Although the army of Athens was small, it was made up of good and virtuous men, who were determined to save their families from the evil armies of Atlantis. The Greek soldiers from Athens finally overcame the invading army. The invaders got on their ships and returned to the island of Atlantis, but their God was not satisfied with this punishment, so he brought great earthquakes and floods and the entire island of Atlantis sank into the ocean and was never seen again.



## IRAQ

One of the worlds earliest civilizations, was in Mesapotamia or Babalonia, in the country known as Iraq.

Probably the worlds oldest written material is the tablets, dug from the remains of the ancient cities of this land. The writing was done on clay tablets which were then fired so that the writing was preserved. It can still be clearly read today after many many centuries. Many of these tablets were dug up and studied before scientists were finally able to decipher the writing. Some of the tablets tell the history of the country.

Other tablets list the kings of the country in the order in which they ruled. After a long list comes the words, "Then came the flood." Following this is another list of kings who ruled in the city of Kish, followed by another list who moved the capitol to Erich.

One of these tablets tells the story of the flood. According to this record, the Gods held a council to decide

how to end men's disobedience. They decided to put an end to men with a flood.

But there was one God, Enki, who did not agree. He thought the punishment was too strong. Enki knew a man who was known for his humble obedience, and for his respect for the Gods.

Enki told this man to build a boat. The man put in his boat all his family and domestic animals. Then the rains fell and the floods rose, and the water covered all the earth for seven days. Then Utu, the Sun God, came out and ended the storm.

The boat ran into ground. The man and his family left the boat and built an alter. They made a sacrifice to the Gods, for being saved.

This is not only some of the earliest writing, but this story was actually written before the time of Abraham. Archeological evidence of this flood discovered by Sir Leonard Wooley in 1929 shows that this flood occured about 2800 B. C. and covered an area at least three hundred miles long, and one hundred miles wide, to a depth of twenty five feet or more.

## SQUAMISH (WESTERN CANADA)

The Squamish Indians of Western Canada saw the flood coming. The waters rose slowly, so they cut the largest of the cedar trees and split them into planks and made a huge canoe.

While the men were making the canoe the women took cedar bark and shredded it and braided it into a long long rope. When the rope was finished they oiled it. They fastened one end to the big canoe and the other end to a huge rock.

They gathered all the food they could find--enough to last for many days--and put it into the canoe. Then they brought together all the babies and the small children and they put them into the canoe.

From all the young women they chose one, a young mother, the strongest and best of them all; and they placed her in one end of the canoe. In the other end they placed the strongest and bravest of the young men. These

two they had chosen to be the guardians of the young children.

The waters covered the top of the mountain, but no other person tried to climb into the canoe. No one cried or complained as the water came over them. Everyone was drowned, except those in the canoe, but the canoe floated and the rope held.

The young man and young woman in the canoe with the children were surrounded by nothing but water as far as they could see. For many days they took care of the children as they floated on the water.

At last the young man thought he saw a speck far off in the south early in the morning. By noon the speck had become larger and by the time the sun set it seemed larger yet. All through the night he tried to keep track of it by moonlight, but it was not until the sun rose that he could see it clearly enough to be sure that it was land.

The young woman untied the rope and released the canoe. They began rowing toward the speck of land. All day and all night they rowed before they reached it.

YELLOWSTONE VALLEY

He was an old Indian. His face was weather beaten but his eyes were still bright. I never knew what tribe he was from, 'tho I could guess. Yet others from the tribe, that I talked to later, had never heard his story.

We had been talking of the visions of the young men. He sat for a long time, looking out across the Yellowstone Valley through the pouring rain, before he spoke. "They are beginning to come back," he said.

"Who is coming back? I asked.

"The animals," he said. "It has happened before."

"Tell me about it," I said.

He thought for a long while before he lifted his hands and his eyes. "The Great Spirit smiled on this land when he made it. There were mountains and plains, forests and grass lands. There were animals of many kinds --- and men."

The old man's hands moved smoothly telling the story more clearly than his voice:

The great spirit told the people, "These animals are your brothers. Share the land with them. They will give you food and clothing. Live with them, and protect them.

"Protect especially the buffalo, for the buffalo will give you food and shelter. The hide of the buffalo will keep you from the cold, from the heat, and from the rain. As long as you have the buffalo you will never need to suffer."

For many winters the people lived at peace with the animals and with the land. When they killed a buffalo, they thanked the great spirit, and they used every part of the buffalo. It took care of every need.

Then other people came. They did not think of the animals as brothers. They killed, even when they did not need food. They burned and cut the forests and the animals died. They shot the buffalo and called it sport. They killed the fish in the streams.

Then the great spirit looked down and he was sad. He let the smoke of the fires lie in the valleys. The people coughed and choked. But still they burned and they killed.

So the great spirit sent out rains to put out the fires and to destroy the people.

The rains fell, and the waters rose. The people moved from the flooded valleys to the higher land.

Spotted Bear, the medicine man, gathered together his people. He spoke to them. "The great spirit has told us that as long as we have the buffalo we will be safe

from heat and cold and rain. But there are no longer any buffalo. Unless we can find buffalo and live at peace with nature we will all die."

Still the rains fell and the waters rose. The people moved from the flooded plains to the hills.

The young men went out and hunted for the buffalo. As they went, they put out the fires. They made friends with the animals once more. They cleaned out the streams.

Still the rains fell, and the waters rose. The people moved from the flooded hills to the mountains.

Two young men came to Spotted Bear. "We have found the buffalo." they said. "There was a cow, a calf, and a great white bull. The cow and the calf climbed up to the safety of the mountains. They should be back when the rain stops. But the bank gave way, and the bull was swept away by the flood waters. We followed and got him to shore, but he had drowned. We have brought you his hide."

They unfolded a huge white buffalo skin.

Spotted Bear took the white buffalo hide. "Many people have been drowned," he said. "Our food has been carried away. But our young people are no longer destroying the world that was created for them. They have found the white buffalo. It will save those who are left."

Still the rains fell and the water rose. The people moved from the flooded mountains to the highest peaks.

Spotted Bear spread the white buffalo skin on the ground. He and the other medicine men scraped it and stretched it, and scraped it and stretched it.

Still the rains fell. Like all rawhide, the buffalo skin stretched when it was wet. Spotted Bear stretched it out over the village. All the people who were left

crowded under it.

As the rains fell the medicine men stretched the buffalo skin across the mountains. Each day they stretched it farther.

Then Spotted Bear tied one corner to the top of the Big Horn Mountains. The side he fastened to the Pryors. The next corner he tied to the Bear Tooth Mountains. Crossing the Yellowstone Valley, he tied one corner to the Crazy Mountains and the other to Signal Butte in the Bull Mountains.

The whole Yellowstone Valley was covered by the white Buffalo Skin. Though the rain still fell above, it did not fall in the Yellowstone Valley.

The waters sank away. Animals from the outside moved into the valley, under the white buffalo skin. The people shared the valley with them.

Still the rains fell above the buffalo skin. The skin stretched and began to sag.

Spotted Bear stood on the Bridger Mountains and raised the west end of the buffalo skin to catch the West Wind. The West Wind rushed in and was caught under the buffalo skin. The wind lifted the skin until it formed a great dome over the valley.

The great spirit saw that the people were living at peace with the earth. The rains stopped and the sun shone. As the sun shone on the white buffalo skin it gleamed with colors of red, and yellow, and blue.

As the sun shone on the rawhide it began to shrink. The ends of the dome shrank away until all that was left was one great arch across the valley.

The old man's voice faded away; but his hands said "look", and his arms moved towards the valley.

The rain had stopped and a rainbow arched across the Yellowstone. A buffalo calf and its mother grazed beneath it.

## ALL THE WORLD

In the beginning, the Creator made the land and the animal people. Then He made men, and the men spread across the land.

The men worshiped their Creator. In every language they gave Him a name--Great Spirit, Jehova, Manitou, Ala, Tao, Old Man Coyote--in a thousand ways, in a thousand languages, by a thousand names, they honored their Creator.

He sent prophets and wise men and through them he taught men how to live. He taught them to cooperate and help each other; to show love and concern for their fellow men.

But life became too easy, and men felt self sufficient. They forgot their Creator, and the things he had taught. They became selfish and self centered. They thought more of the pleasure of the moment than the happiness of all. They fought with each other selfishly,

and they laid waste the beautiful land the Creator had made for them.

Then the Creator looked at all He had made, and He saw the selfishness and the evil in men, and He was sorry that He had made men. So He sent a flood to destroy them.

But some men were not all bad. When they saw the flood coming, they tried to help others to escape. Some were even willing to sacrifice themselves so that others might live.

The Creator saw that there still was much good in some men, and He said, "If there is this much good in men I will end the flood while there are still good men to enjoy the earth I have made," and He caused the waters to recede.

And the Creator said, "In every man there are as many sides as there are colors in the rainbow; for any man can be good or evil, helpful or destructive, selfish or unselfish. I will never again destroy any group of men, for in every group, whether Mauri, Cheyenne, or Israeli, whether black, white, or brown, there are those who are willing to give themselves for the good of all."

"I will put a rainbow in the sky to remind all men that the choice is theirs, not mine. It will remind them that if men go their own ways, selfishly, wrongly concerned only for their own pleasures, they will bring a flood of destruction upon themselves."

"The rainbow will also remind them that if each man cares for his fellow man and for the world which I created--if they honor their creator by honoring his creation, they will prosper and be happy."

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